# THE EXAMINER:

## A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

**Vol. XI.** **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 21, 1861.** **New Series.---No. 41.**



Royal Agricultural Society's

## INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

AN EXHIBITION OF DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES and Agricultural Productions will be held on WEDNESDAY, 30th OCTOBER, 1861, when the following Premiums will be distributed, viz :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| For the best 10 yards of Cloth, of Island wool, spun, wove, dyed and dressed on the Island, | £1 | 10 | 0 |
| For the best 10 yards wool grey Homespun, milled and full dressed, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Best 10 yards do., milled, dyed and finished, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 10 do. fancy mixture, do., | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 10 do. Shepherd's plaid, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 10 do. twilled Flannel, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 10 do. women's wear, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 10 do. wool and cotton do., | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Best pair of Horse Rugs, milled, not less than 2 yards square, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hearth Rug, made of woollen yarn, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| do. made of rags, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Woollen fancy plaid Shawl, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| do. Shepherd's plaid do., | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| do. net Shawl, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Best woollen long Shawl or Scarf, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 10 yards of Carpeting, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| 10 yards of checked Flannel, for shirts, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 6 shirts, ready made (all wool or half wool), | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Pair of thick knit woollen Stockings, for overalls, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| 3 pairs woollen Socks, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| 3 do. woollen Gloves, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| 3 do. woollen Mittens, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Linen Table Cloth, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 6 yards Linen Towelling, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 3 linen Sacks, capable of holding 4 bush. each, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Bonnet, made of grass plait, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Hat, do. do., | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Best wooden hand Rake, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Pitch Fork, | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Dung Fork —4 prongs, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Willow Baskets, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Indian Baskets, ½ bushel, | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Wooden Shovel, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Narrow Axe, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| **AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.** | | | |
| Best tub of Butter, not less than 30 lbs. weight, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 2d do do do | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Best Cheese, not less than 20 lbs. weight, | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| 2d do do do | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Best half-dozen Swede Turnips, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| do Carrots for the table, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| do Roo s Blood Beet, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| do Roots of Mangold Wurtzel, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| do Roots of Parsnips, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| do Ears of Indian Corn, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| do Onions, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| do Apples, | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| **POULTRY.** | | | |
| Best pair (male and female) Dorking Fowls, not more than one year old (alive), | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| do Cochin China, do, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| do Turkeys, do, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| do Geese, do, | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| do Ducks, do, | 0 | 5 | 0 |

☞ Discretionary Premiums will be awarded for such articles as may be considered worthy by the Committee, although not enumerated in the list.

All articles must be strictly the manufacture of persons residing on the Island, and all articles for competition, excepting live Stock, must be sent in to the Secretary on or before 12 o'clock, on Monday the 28th October, otherwise they will be excluded.

☞ The Exhibition will be open to the public at 12 o'clock.

By Order,
J. D. HASZARD, Sec'y.

Committee Room, Sep. 9, 1861.

## GRAIN SHOW.

THE ANNUAL SHOW OF GRAIN, UNDER THE direction of the Committee of the ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be held in the Temperance Hall, Charlottetown, on Wednesday, 30th OCTOBER, 1861, (the same day on which the Industrial Exhibition is to take place,) when the following Premiums will be awarded :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Best Wheat, | £1 | 10 | 0 |
| 2d do | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Best two-rowed Barley, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 2d do do | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Best four-rowed Barley, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 2d do do | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Best black Oats, | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 2d do | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Best sample Red Clover Seed, not less than 50 lbs., | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Best sample White Clover Seed, not less than 50 lbs., | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Best sample Timothy Seed, 2 bushels, | 1 | 0 | 0 |

REGULATIONS.

The Grain and Clover Seed to be the growth of this Island in the year 1861.

Each sack of grain must contain not less than 3 bushels.

No prize will be awarded without competition of three samples each, of first and second quality.

Competitors must be members of the Society.

Grain intended for competition, and sent by parties residing at a distance from Charlottetown, will be received and taken care of by the Secretary at any time prior to the Show.

By order,
JAMES D HASZARD,
Sec'y & Treas. R. A. Society.

Committee Room, Sept. 9, 1861.

## INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE Commissioners are desirous of procuring samples of the following articles, to be forwarded to the International Exhibition, to be held in London in 1862 :—

Grain and Seeds, including Wheat, Barley, Oats, Buckwheat, Clover, Timothy, Flax and Turnip Seeds, Vetches, Peas, Beans, and ears of Indian Corn,
Flour, Oatmeal, and Pearl Barley,
Furniture and Cabinet work,
Carriages, Sleighs and Harness,
Samples of Island grown woods,
Leather of the various kinds,
Agricultural Implements,
Model Threshing Machine,
Boots and Shoes,
Preserved Fruits, Meats and Fish,
Hemp and Flax,
Bricks and Building Stone,
Maple Sugar and Honey in the comb,
Ship's Wheels, Blocks, &c., &c.,
Hams, Bacons, and pickled Pork and Beef,
Dyed and dressed Skins and Furs.

The above articles are in addition to those advertised for by the R. A. Society, and must all be the growth and produce of the Island, as far as practicable.

The Commissioners intend purchasing a considerable portion of the above articles.

H. HASZARD, Sec'y to Commissioners.

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. (all papers)

## INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ALL persons desiring to forward any articles, the manufacture or produce of this Island, for Exhibition at the "International Exhibition, 1862, in London," are required to communicate through the undersigned with the Commissioners appointed by His Excellency the Lieut. Governor in Council on or before the 10th day of OCTOBER next, specifying the nature and size of the articles desired to be forwarded, and all particulars thereof. All such articles must be transmitted through the local Board of Commissioners, and be completed for that purpose by the 10th day of NOVEMBER next.

H. HASZARD, Sec'y.

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1861. (all papers)

## JUST PUBLISHED,

BAGSTER'S

## HISTORY OF P. E. ISLAND.

*For Sale at all the Book Stores, Price 3s.*

WANTED—A GENTEEL HOUSE for a small family, with Stable accommodations. Rent moderate. Apply at this office.

October 14, 1861.


## Literature.

### MY DAUGHTER.

And thou art dead! and thou wert dear to me,
The treasured idol of my fondest love;
Thou who didst seem a seraph on my knee,
That sleeping dream'd of cloudy beds above;
Unconscious of the earth that cradled thee,
But only resting like a wearied dove,
That for a moment, lighting on the green,
Just coos and looks around, then never more is seen.

And thou art dead! and one soft lock of hair
Is all I now can to my bosom press;
And many a night I've sat in mute despair,
And gazed through tears upon that braided tress;
And tried to blend death with a thing so fair.
But tried in vain; the grave's lone dreariness
With it would mingle not, nor can I now
Gaze on that lock and death—it conjures up thy brow.

But O, the night thou diedst I can recall!
Thy mother on my shoulder leaned to weep;
Her grief-bent shadow fell upon the wall;
And when death came, so noiseless did he creep,
That we heard not his muffled footsteps glide;
E'en I who held thee deemed thou didst but sleep
Thy slow pulse ceased; but no one could tell when;
If ever silence listened breathless, it was then.

There thou didst lie, a sinless child at rest,
Hushed as the march of starry-studded night;
Mute as the dew closed in the rose's breast;
Silent as darkness stealing o'er the light;
Cold as a statue in pale marble drest;
Still as a rainbow fading from the sight;
Calm as a halcyon, that upon the deep
Folds slowly its white wings and fearless falls asleep.

And I have thought of lands beyond the grave,
Of ever-verdant fields where angels roam;
Of stream-bathed banks, where flowers eternal wave;
Of Music rolling from the ethereal dome
Of the blue floor which stars resplendent pave:
Then have I turned to view thine earthly home,—
How desolate!—O may I be forgiven
If selfish love alone hath made me sigh for heaven!

And I have heard thy voice in the low wind,
And caught thine accents in the gurgling stream;
And in the whistling grass where I reclined,
And in old woods where I was wont to dream;
I've seen thy face in clouds, and thy locks twined
In the loose silver of their skirts did seem;
Bee, bird or blossom, flower, a leaf, a sound,—
There have been moods of mind, when thou in these wert found.

When the hushed footfall of the voiceless night
Pressed the dim clouds and stole down from the sky,
In the dull splendour of the stars' faint light
Hath thy fair form in silence glided by,
Or motionless hung o'er the mind's far sight,
When dark-winged sleep sat brooding on the eye;
In visions, my lost child, I've tried to press thee,
And in long restless dreams my lips have moved to bless thee.

The spring brings to my mind thy growing charms—
The summer, what thou wouldst have been in bloom—
The autumn all thy love to aged arms—
The dreary winter only brings thy tomb:
And the loud wind my throbbing heart alarms,
And shadowy forms fled in the gathering gloom;—
But these are fancies floating through the brain,
And catching shapes from thee which they too well retain.

### KISSING.

Man is the only animal that knows how to kiss. Dogs lick their masters and bears their ragged cubs, cats their kittens in place of nursery baths and Turkish towels, monkeys rub noses, cows and horses fondle each other's heads and necks, love-birds nestling close on the same perch, dive rosy bills into puffy heaps of brilliant down, or chirrup them together in very sweet and loving guise; so do pigeons and stock doves, and perhaps some others; but none of these creatures kiss. Even low-class savages do not kiss like civilised men; so that we may take this habit and function to be actual evidence of intellect and civilization; which is a pleasant idea at any rate.

Kisses have generally been made matters of ceremony and state symbol, as well as those dearer expressions of feelings which require no settled ceremonial. To kiss the forehead is the instinctive sign of elderly good will; and whenever fathers give any blessing at all, they seal it with a kiss upon the forehead of the child. Kissing the shoulders is, in some places, the sign of inferiority; not always, though, when the shoulders are fair and round:

——Enough white
For Venus' pearly bite,

as Keats says.

Kissing the foot is a sign of inferiority; so of the hand, but most of all the ground, which is even baser than the foot, and gets its special hallowing from the mere passage of the adored. The Poles, Bohemians, and Russians, catching the ugly trick from the Asiatics, kiss the ground before the stick and the superior, and are sufficiently honoured in the permission so to abase themselves. Is it too much to say that they will never come to good while that debasing trick remains as an institution among them?

It is curious to trace the gradual change of certain customs, which, beginning in simple manly respect, end in slavish self-abasement. The habit of kissing the ground, or foot, is one of them. Among the early Romans the higher magistrates gave their hands to be kissed; and, under the first emperors, the monarch did the same. But this was soon thought too familiar to be an act of true homage; so only the superior officers kissed the hands; while the inferior were to be content in touching the royal robe, or their own hands, as not worthy to be permitted to nearer participation. Sometimes the emperor kissed the mouth and eyes of those whom he wished to gladden with most signal honour; but this was a very rare privilege; and persons whom he wished to disgrace he kissed with marked coldness. Agricola complained that when he returned from overcoming the stubborn Saxons, Domitian gave him a "cold kiss," and left him standing in the crowd unnoticed. The cold kiss has long since passed away, but the complaint remains, and one would have liked Agricola better if he had never made it. In process of time the Roman emperors, not content with having their hands kissed by men kneeling, demanded to be treated like the gods, and to be kissed on the feet; later, to have even the ground kissed before them. Diocletian was the first to command this manner of salutation, and his successors were not slow to follow his example.

Kissing the sovereign's hands at court presentations is also only a compromise, beginning from the same foundations. Even Charlemagne and his sons required this degrading service from their courtiers, and had their feet kissed and knelt to, like so many popes or gods. With us the ceremony has evaporated into a bow or a name; in Prussia it is of exceeding rare occurrence to kiss hands at court at all; while in Spain, the kisses are as exactly ruled as the depth of the visiting card in China, or the manner of giving oneself "happy despatch" in Japan. When the Czar dies, his corpse is affectionately kissed; and the same custom is observed with the Jews. When a Jew is dying his nearest relative kisses him to receive his latest breath: he is kissed when dead, as a farewell; and again, when carried to the grave; even though seven or eight days may have passed. Thus we read:

"When Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

"And Joseph fell upon his father's face and wept over him, and kissed him."

Kissing, which means in the Hebrew simply adoration, or "touching with the mouth," was always one of the essential parts of heathen religion, without which was no possibility of either piety or virtue, and people were branded as atheists who neglected to kiss their hands, or the statues of the gods, when they entered a temple. Indeed, the feet and knees of the gods were quite worn away by the constant touch of the worshipping lips: as is the case now with certain saints and shrines abroad. This custom stood the brave Demosthenes in good stead; for, when he was the prisoner of Antipater and was taken by the soldiers into the temple, he raised his hand to his mouth, as if in worship. The soldiers thought it was an act of adoration; but it was an act of despair instead. He did not mean to salute the gods, but to take the poison which he had long ago prepared for such an emergency. And did not the people of Cos, when they found Psyche sleeping among the butterflies and roses, treat her as Venus "by kissing her right hand?" So at least says Apuleius, that most original and delightful of story-tellers. Even at this present day the Mahometans kiss the ground in the direction of Mecca.

The early Christians had their religious kiss, like all the rest. As the initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries kissed each other in token of brotherhood and equal knowledge, so did the first disciples in their Agapes, or Love Feasts. But, in 397, the Council of Carthage thought fit to forbid all religious kissing between the sexes, notwithstanding Saint Peter's exhortation, "Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity." It also forbad all lying on couches at mixed meals; and finally broke up the agapes altogether, as of a somewhat too dangerous tendency for ordinary humanity. Several later sects have, at various times, sought to bring back the institution of the kiss of peace; but though very pleasant to the feelings, and doubtless exceedingly edifying to the young, it has generally been found necessary to prohibit the use and continuance of the same, and to go back to less godly forms of salutation. In Russia, and wherever the Greek Church prevails, all persons kiss each other on Easter day; that being their great festival and day of rejoicing; as Christmas is with us, and the Jour de l'An with the French. "Christ is risen," they say, as they kiss each other on the cheek—great hairy moujiks, flat-faced peasant women, slim nobles, and high-bred ladies indiscriminately. Formerly the women kissed each other at table immediately after the prefatial glass of brandy or vodki had been served; but that pretty custom has now gone out.

The Bible is full of sweet and tender kissing passages, with some terrible and treacherous intervening; for the old Jews, when they could not get their ends by fair blows, did not scruple to employ lying kisses and false caresses. How innocent and beautiful and pathetic is the kiss which Jacob gives to Rachel by the well, when, weary, weeping, and footsore, he finds himself among his mother's kindred, and kisses the young girl who afterwards becomes his wife and the mother of his chosen son! The kiss preceding this was eminently tragic—the kiss with which he received his blind old father's blessing, and robbed Esau for the second time of his birthright. When Esau came in from his hunting, and "cried out with a great and exceeding bitter cry," when he learnt his brother's treachery, we find no kiss sealing his paler blessing. That had gone with the "dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine," to the clever, crafty Jacob; to poor Esau was left only the dew of heaven, and the doubtful living by the sword, with the future hope of breaking his brother's hated yoke from off his neck: but no kiss, and no blessing. Yet God had given to Esau the greater blessing of a generous nature: a nature which knew neither guile nor malice, which never quailed for fear, and never lied for gain. Years after, when the two brothers met, Jacob "bows himself to the ground seven times, until he came near his brother;" he had cause for fear and humiliation enough; but Esau "ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him;" and that kiss showed what kind of heart was in the brave impetuous hunter.

So, too, Joseph kisses his brethren when he makes himself known to them; and here again the kiss is one of the generous forgiving and noble self-suppression, not only of ordinary salutation; still it *was* the ordinary manner of salutation, for when Jethro brought Zipporah and her two sons back to Moses, "Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance and kissed him; and they asked each other of their welfare, and they came into the tent." And many years later we find David kissing the old prophet Barzillai, as he blessed him and sent him away.

The next kiss to this—of David's to Barzillai—is of a very different class; and, excepting that OAK which has become the type of all treachery, is the most treacherous and cold-blooded of any on record.

"When they were at the great stone which is in Gibeon, Amasa went before them. And Joab's garment that he had put on was girded unto him, and upon it a girdle with a sword fastened upon his loins in the sheath thereof; and as he went forth it fell out.

"And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard, with the right hand, to kiss him.

"But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again; and he died."

Very beautiful is the kiss of peace which David gives to Absalom—that wayward favourite who was for ever paying back his father's love and mercy with rebellion and violence, and who, four verses after that forgiving kiss, gets the favour of Israel by an act of treacherous condescension:

"And it was so, that when any man came nigh unto him to do him an obeisance, he put forth his hand and took him, and kissed him."

No wonder that he "stole the hearts of the men of Israel!" Who, indeed, could have been proof against the seductions of a young prince, beautiful as a god and familiarly loving as a woman? Had not Joab, the wild, fierce captain, preferred his allegiance to obedience, and loyalty to love, Absalom might have kissed his father's kingdom away from him. We can understand the extreme condescension of this familiar kiss, by the different manners of even the private friends of the princes. Were not David and Jonathan friends and brothers in affection?

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

Yet when David met Jonathan in the field whither his friend had come to save his life, he did him the homage of an inferior, and such as a simple soldier might pay the king's son:

"He fell on his face on the ground, and bowed himself three times."

Afterwards comes the friend:

"And they kissed one another, and wept with one another, until David exceeded."

But sometimes the kiss may be where there is least affection. In that matchless idyl, Ruth, it is Orpah who kisses her mother-in-law, and leaves her; but Ruth, who does not kiss—at least not then—cleaves unto her.

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so for me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

No need there of the mere act of kissing when each word was full of the tenderest caress, and every accent a kiss from heart to heart! Orpah's kiss had not half the love of Ruth's yearning words; and sentiment, usually so prodigal of symbols, contented itself there with simple speech, while the colder love took on itself the warmer utterance.

There is in one kiss in the New Testament full of pathos and divine meaning. This is the kiss which Mary Magdalene gives when she washes the loved feet with her tears, and wipes them with her hair. And here is that most terrible kiss of all—the kiss in the garden of Gethsemane which meant betrayal—the "Hail, Master!" which meant death. But this was a kiss scarcely to be spoken of in an article like the present. There are some things before which we must simply veil our heads and pass on.

Secular history has also its kisses of treachery. When the conspirators went towards Cæsar to stab him, they made as if they would salute him according to the custom; but the kiss they gave him was a two-edged sword, and their homage, death. Cæsar sank at the foot of Pompey's statue deceived, if not betrayed, by a caress. So Othello kisses Desdemona before he smothers her:

——When I have plucked thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

But the "balmy breath" that almost did

——persuade
Justice to break her sword,

failed just to the extent of that "almost." Neither innocence nor love; neither kisses nor regrets, could calm the furious nature all aflame with jealousy and hate; and Othello's farewell kisses, tender and heartbroken as they were—the starving grasp of a man who loves even while he slays—had no magic in them to redeem poor Desdemona's life.

Shakespeare has countless kisses of all complexions. There is the kiss of Petruchio, when

——he took the bride about the neck,
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That at the parting, all the church did echo.

And there is that grand kiss of Coriolanus,

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge,

which contains such a world of character and passion, and intensity in its fierceness and love; dwarfing into mere vanity Byron's celebrated wish—

That womanhood had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

And there is Romeo's kiss in the vault; and Anthony's dying kiss, so tender and so sad—

Of so many thousand kisses, the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Bassanio's when the leaden casket is found to hold the golden prize, and the dull outside, which had no shadowing forth of the glory within, gave him all that the more flattering had withheld. And there is Mariana's in that exquisite song which every one knows by inmost heart, but which the hand cannot be stayed from writing, so bewitching is the marvellous music and grace of those lines:

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!

But think of Titania's, when she "kisses the fair large ears of her gentle joy;" while, further on, come the quaint kisses of Pyramus and Thisbe, given through the chinks of Tinker Snout's fingers—the fingers which were made to

present a wall,
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole or chink.

It would be lengthy work to pick out all the "kissing comfits" from Shakespeare. In his time, maidens were not shy nor wives reserved, and things were done and talked of in the choicest company which it would be now impossible to allude to. English civilization was then far behind the old Roman times of nicety and refinement, when a man would as soon think of kissing his wife in the presence of his daughters, as we should now think of performing the same grace in an open railway-carriage. The Romans were very strict; and only near blood relations might kiss the women of the family at all. And then, not for love or friendship, but to find out if they had been drinking wine in the master's absence. The Greeks did more than this; they made their wives eat onions whenever they were going from home, so that they might be sure no poachers would trench on their preserves. For who would kiss Aspasia herself with the flavour of garlic clinging round her delicate mouth? England in Shakespeare's time, therefore, had gone back sadly from these earlier days of reticence. Long after the custom had been abandoned abroad, it remained in full force here. In "Notes and Queries" of September 9, 1854, will be found a curious extract from the Life of Wolsey by Cavendish. He says:

"'I being in a fair great dining chamber" (in a castle belonging to M. Crequi, a French nobleman), "I attended my lady's coming; and after she came hither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she, with her train, came all out, she said to me, 'Forasmuch,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen, without offence, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and shall all my maids.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her women."

Bulstrode Whitelock, at the court of Christina of Sweden, was honoured in the same manner. It was May-day, and Whitelock had made a feie for the queen, which she was graciously pleased to attend; when, after the "little collation," as he calls it, "she, being full of pleasantness and gaiety of spirits, among other frolics commanded him to teach her ladies the English mode of salutation; which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelock most readily." Lucky fellow!

But if the English kept longer to the practice than the foreigner, they owed it to him originally, for Collet says—still the same authority—"The pleasant practice of kissing was utterly unpractised and unknown in England till the fair Princess Roux (Rowena), the daughter of King Hengist of Friezland, pressed the beaker with her lipkens, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husjen" (little kiss).

When James the First of Scotland met Anne of Denmark, he was going to kiss her after the English fashion; but Anne did not approve of such familiar doings, and repulsed him. Yet, after he had some private talk with her aside, she became more amenable, and suffered him to kiss her in the presence of the whole court. The proud and pompous Constable of Castile was glad to kiss her lovely maids of honour, with whom there does not seem to have been any overwhelming difficulty. The custom was much reprobated by the Roundheads and all the Puritan party. Hear what good old John Bunyan says against it; and surely his words might have been quoted as full of sense and justice, in such times as the old-fashioned canvassing for elections, when all the pretty women were kissed—or even now, when under the mistletoe, the poor ugly ones are *not* kissed:

"The common salutation of women I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, and that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they have made balks? why they did salute the most handsome and left the ill-favored ones go."

Why, indeed? That is just what the Mormons, more generous than Bunyan's friends, do not do; they make no balks of even the ill-favoured.

Beautiful and sad are many of the kisses scattered about literature and history. There was the kiss of the Troubadour Ganffre Rudel, prince of Blaye, who fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli only by report, and pined away so sorely for love and yearning that his heart went from him, and his life was dead within him. He took ship and sailed over the waves to see her: and she, touched by his devotion, went down into the ship as it lay in the bay of Tripoli with Ganffre nigh unto death on board. As she went to him, and took his hand, and kissed him, the poet's love leapt up into its last flame: he gave her one long look, blessed her, and then died—with her lips upon his. The lady went into a convent.

Then there was the precious kiss which Margarida, wife of Raimon de Roussillon, gave her lover the Troubadour Guillem de Cabestanth, when "she stretched out her arms, and sweetly embraced him in the lone chamber." Ah! that kiss was dearly purchased! for Raimon, coming to the knowledge of all it meant, gave Margarida her lover's heart to eat, disguised as a savoury morsel. When he told her what she done, she, saying that "if she had eaten so sweet a morsel, would eat nothing more," dashed herself from the window into the castle yard: and so died in great pain—but more happily than if she had lived. And there was Francesca's kiss, so sweet and yet so sad, guilty and so pure, when, "trembling all over," Paolo kissed her—and they read no more for that day. And there was the kiss which Marie Stuart gave the sleeping poet, Alain Chartier, and before all the court, too; and that other kiss—or rather, many kisses—given by Marguerite de Valois to Clement Marot, of which this poet makes such tender, boastful account, prefiguring Leigh Hunt's assertion, that

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer.

One of the strangest kisses on record is that (which I firmly believe in) told in the "Arabian Nights," when the Lady of Bagdad, who goes to purchase a rich stuff, is asked for only a kiss in return. No money will buy it; no honours; nothing but a kiss on her fair cheek. So, holding her veil that the passers-by may see nothing, she offers her cheek to the young merchant's kiss; and the wretch bites it savagely through instead. But all the "Arabian Nights" kisses are as strange and wild and fetterless as the emotions they express. We in this colder North, can hardly understand the state of mind and manners detailed therein.

Sweet and lovely is the maiden's kiss in Paradise and the Peri—"the last long kiss which she expired in giving;" full of beauty and poetic fancy was Diana's kiss, when she stole down from heaven to the sleeping shepherd-boy, lying like a lily on the summit of Mount Ida; mournful the kisses of Hero and Leander; heroic those "kisses thrice" given by the knight to the ladily beast who starts up a comely maiden; revolting the kisses given by the devil to the witches in the sabbaths; very pleasant the sugar kisses which young boys and girls delight in giving to each other with a crack. But of all the pleasant, tender, quaint, perplexing kisses, give me that strange salute which the Norwegian maidens bestow upon you after they have put you to bed, and tucked you up well between the sweet-smelling sheets; for then, bending their fresh, fair faces, do they not kiss you honestly upon your beard, with no thought of shame or doubt?

What other kisses are there? There is "kiss in the ring," the favourite Sunday game on Hampstead Heath, when the young men and women are tired of donkey-riding; and there is kissing under the mistletoe, which unhappily is fast dying out from genteel society. There is the kiss blown away from the lips of all four fingers crumpled up into a point, into which the old act of homage has sunk; and there is the Frenchman's kiss, which brushes your cheeks with tufts of hair; and the Italian's kiss, which, if you are a woman, is pressed lightly on your hand in the most gracious manner possible; and there is the baby's wet, open-mouthed kiss, so infinitely precious to women, and so terrible to men; and our pretty little pouting sister's kiss, on the day when we first parted; and our dear old father's; and handsome Harry's, flushed and half-tearful, off to his first school; and——Well, no matter whose!

## Correspondence.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

### INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT SUSSEX VALE

Being one of the excursionists from Charlottetown to Sussex Vale, a few remarks on the Exhibition, as well as a recital of scenes and incidents which came under observation, may not prove uninteresting at the present time. From the moment the party from the Island left the Westmorland, the difficulty of procuring accommodations commenced. At Shediac the major part of the excursionists proceeded to the "Weldon House," and having entered their names on the books, concluded they had secured lodgings for the night; but, after lounging about the halls until about half-past nine o'clock, the proprietor of the house made his appearance, and informed us that his apartments had been bespoken some time previous—that he had received telegrams from the Hon. This and Squire That, requesting him to keep lodgings for them, and that it was utterly impossible for him to accommodate us. Accordingly at ten o'clock at night we took our luggage and departed in search of other quarters, and after considerable hunting, myself and four others found ourselves ensconced in some obscure house. How the rest of the party who had to leave fared, they can themselves tell best. We started in the morning train—which was densely crowded—and arrived at Sussex Vale about 11 o'clock. A large number were present from the surrounding country, and the train from St. John arriving shortly after, added considerably to the throng. How these were to be accommodated was a question more palpable to my mind than easily answered; but man, being naturally selfish, it troubled me little how others fared provided I succeeded in securing shelter for myself. I first applied to the owner of a private dwelling—or rather a shanty—hard by the railway station; and this individual had the modesty to ask *only* two dollars and a half a day for board and lodging—which is equivalent to 15s. of our money. The truth of the old adage of going farther and faring worse, was not realized in my case, for after considerable bantering and hunting, I obtained board and lodging at the rate of one dollar a day; and even then I was doomed to sleep with 14 or 20 others in the same chamber. Having attended to the wants of the inner man, I next proceeded to the Exhibition Building. Before obtaining admission thereto, I had first to obtain a ticket, for which I had to pay a quarter dollar. Nor was it an easy matter to obtain one. At each corner of the front of the building offices were fitted up in which to sell tickets; but as only two persons could be attended to at once, and as every one was in a hurry to get in, a faint idea of the delay and confusion may be formed, particularly as there were two kinds of tickets—the one costing a dollar, which admitted one to the Exhibition building and the cattle show, &c., during the week; the other held good for the time you were in the building during one day, whether that were 5 minutes or 5 hours, and cost, as I said before, a quarter dollar. Once inside the building, however, the admission fee, the trouble or delay never enters the head. Here is to be seen, both in the vegetable and mineral worlds, in agriculture, mechanics, and fine arts, sufficient to attract the attention and call for praise. Stuffed moose, raccoons, and pellicans, appear to live and move, as if animated by the vital spark. There are several bee-hives on exhibition, the cones partly filled with luscious honey. The collection of fruits, such as apples, plums and peaches, was really splendid, and from their size and appearance made the mouth water. Squashes, pumpkins, and cucumbers of enormous size, stared one in the face, and called forth the reflection that either unusual care and attention had been bestowed upon their culture, or that the soil of New Brunswick is admirably adapted to their growth. The specimens of potatoes, turnips, onions, wheat and oats, were very fine; but I am not aware that they could not be equalled or even excelled in this Island. Some large cheeses and several crocks of butter appeared to attract considerable attention, and called forth the praises of visitors. The homespun cloth on exhibition was very poor, and not at all to be compared to that manufactured in this Colony. There was a large assortment of boots and shoes, as well as cabinet work—sofas, lounges, tables, chairs, &c., and also carriages and waggons; but there was nothing very remarkable or very superior about their construction. The assortment of cutlery and edged tools, particularly those from the establishment of H. B. Spellford, was very good, and in the opinion of competent judges equal to those manufactured in the neighbouring Republic. The gallery of fine arts attracted the greatest attention, particularly from the fair sex, whose admiring gaze ever and anon rested on the features of a full-length portrait of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Some beautiful specimens of wax work graced this part of the building; and stuffed birds in variety. But as it would take too much time and occupy too much space to particularize all the articles exhibited, I will briefly state, that I was disappointed at the Exhibition. There appeared, in the first instance, to be no order in the arrangement; and when a person wished to ascertain in what particular locality certain articles of produce were raised, or certain articles manufactured, it was simply impossible to do so. In the next place, although the articles in the different departments were excellent, they were not of that superior order nor varied extent to be expected from so old and large a Province as New Brunswick. Indeed, I think I may safely aver that our own little Island would compare favourably with the sister Province in the majority of things exhibited, particularly in the products of the soil; and also in some of the mechanical departments. The only point in which we are deficient is in the manufacture of machinery, such as steam engines. In cutlery and edged tools, with the exception of axes, we are also behind hand. It has already been decided that we can beat them with ease at shooting; but it may not be so generally known that for pretty women we can eclipse them completely. The most of the visitors from the Island with whom I conversed were unanimous on this point, that the women of New Brunswick are not to be compared to those of the Island in point of beauty. I know not whether this may be deemed a digression, but I trust it is a pardonable one. The annoyance from an over-crowded house might also have been avoided had proper regulations been adopted and enforced; for, notwithstanding the attractions of the place, enhanced as they were by music discoursed from the St. John band, I was very glad to escape into the fresh air after a few hours examination.

The representatives from the United States and English press, who were present here during the visit of the Prince of Wales last summer, represented our people as a drunken, besotted class. Had these individuals been present at Sussex Vale during the days Wednesday and Thursday, what a picture would they furnish to the world of the drunkenness and rowdyism to be witnessed there in open daylight, and renewed in darkness to a tenfold degree. It would appear as if the accumulated immorality of New Brunswick held jubilee at Sussex Vale. Blacklegs and quack doctors from the United States, pedlers with brass jewellery, wheels of fortune, lotteries, &c., &c., were there in abundance, who endeavoured to make their hay at the expense of the simple. But perhaps I should not rate these for endeavouring to catch the quarters; since the settled inhabitants of the valley appeared to possess palms quite as itching as the fraternity alluded to. As an instance, I may mention that the Island Volunteers were required to pay at the rate of 2s. 6d. for a bucket of water. It is but justice, however, to say that many New Brunswickers (particularly among the Volunteers) treated our men like gentlemen. Others of them, however, endeavoured to fasten a falsehood upon them, and insult them afterwards. The following is the circumstance of the falsehood and insult. Several of the Island Volunteers went out to rifle practice one morning. In the evening of the same day some of the New Brunswickers went to practice on the same ground; and the next morning a countryman made his appearance among the Volunteers, and stated that his cow had been shot on the previous evening. The New Brunswickers immediately fastened it upon the Islanders. The countryman then came and lodged a complaint against our men to the Adjutant General Col. Sewart. The Adjutant called the men out for examination; but they declared one and all that as they did not practice in the evening it was impossible for them to have shot the cow. The Adjutant, however, instead of taking his men's word, declared it as his opinion that they did shoot the cow. The New Brunswickers kept up the joke, and whenever an opportunity offered, bawled after the Islanders—"Who shot the cow?" And the last salute which we received on leaving Sussex Vale was from two volunteers who shouted in the car—"Who shot the cow?"

Oct. 10. EXCURSIONIST.

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

### NEW BRUNSWICK.

Saint John, with its thirty or forty thousand of inhabitants, its warehouses abounding in wealth, its manufacturing establishments—and even its supposed mines of gold—presents at this time a dull, drowsy and dejected appearance.

Business in all its departments seems neutralized: the spirit of enterprise and speculation is feeble if not entirely motionless, and foreshadows no auspicious events, in the approaching season, to the man who invests his capital in mercantile adventures. Most classes of the community are realizing the disagreeable reality that the present condition of the two belligerent Republics is growing seriously detrimental to the interests of the people of New Brunswick.

With the disappearance of summer took place the departure of all sorts of public amusements, and which left the city completely destitute of every source of rational entertainment.

To this perverse course of monotony it is consoling to know that some recent exceptions have occurred. The long talked